

GOLF IN ITS SOCIAL ASPECT

AMERICAN WAYS ON THE LINKS NOT LIKE THE BRITISH.

The Game Not the Only Attraction—Stability in Which Women Join the Men—The Youngsters Not the Stouter supporters of Golf in America.

The social importance of golf, entirely aside from its sporting aspect, has a lot of consideration whenever two or more golfers of middle age or more gather at the nineteenth hole, as the golf club café has come to be known. Very often you will hear those of middle age ask, "What would we be doing now if we were not golfing?" and the answer in effect usually is, "Playing cards or billiards at the club and absorbing more cocktails than are good for us."

It would surprise any non-golfer to visit some popular golf course near New York and, standing near the first tee, note the ages of those who drive off on any whole or half holiday. Almost in-



MISS VIDA LLEWELLYN OF WASHINGTON.

hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands took up the game, provided liberally the money for better and larger links, for clubhouse modeled after the houses of the then few fine country club houses in the

This view of the imported holiday occupation resulted in other variations from the British model. On the other side it is the desire of every golfer to make up his match with as good players as he can induce to go around with him. The best players over there are the most popular opponents and partners. Here it is so only with the younger players, those ambitious to better their game. With the majority of players here opponents and partners are sought among intimates, and of a player's intimate friends the most sociable is the most sought in making up a game.

Making up a game. That is an important duty thousands of business men attend to during the week. To aid in this matter some golf clubs print and send out to members lists of frequent players with their town (office and home) telephone numbers. Midweek telephone communications result in hundreds of matches for Saturday being made up and for nearly as many foursomes for Sunday afternoons.

The social side of the sport starts with the meeting of players promptly after the Saturday noon closing of offices. If the train service to the selected links offers an immediate journey there is lunch at the golf club; otherwise a lunch together in town.

In the event of lunch at the golf club house it is likely that the players' wives and daughters are telephoned for to be



MISS FRANCES GRISCOM OF PHILADELPHIA.

neighborhood of New York, Boston and Washington.

In developing the game on the social side Americans shattered many British traditions. Ex-Premier Balfour has recently spoken of this. "Americans," he said, "talk and laugh as they play; they even chaff each other. With us it is a silent game."

Worse than silent, solemn! British players who visit American links are as great objects of surprise for their speechless seriousness in going the rounds as were American visitors on British links to Mr. Balfour.

It was all a matter of temperament. Americans, those who saved the game to this country, were generally men of comfortable circumstances, men who were accustomed to pass their hours of recreation, many of them, in town clubs, where opportunity for friendly chat and gossip, even chaff, was next to cards the great attraction. If they were to abandon town clubs for the golf links they need not abandon their accustomed loquacity. Anyway they didn't.

Fortunately just as failure seemed inevitable some men beyond the younger age took up the game. Just to see what there is in it, and they found an outdoor social recreation which fascinated them. That settled the fate of golf in this country.

On days of important tournaments the youngsters naturally outnumber the older; the latter are not keen enough players, even when they play well enough to hope to qualify in an important tournament, to care for the hard, close competition of the game. The public gets its impression as to the average age of players from pictures, and those naturally accompany accounts of important tournaments where the younger players are much in evidence.

Should the photographer visit the links upon another day than when some big meet is being run off he could then snap a match after match composed of men of 50 and older, the men who are the real support of the game in this country now, as they long have been in Great Britain. And it is a fact that American golf did not get its great impetus until men no longer young discovered the lure of the game on its social side.

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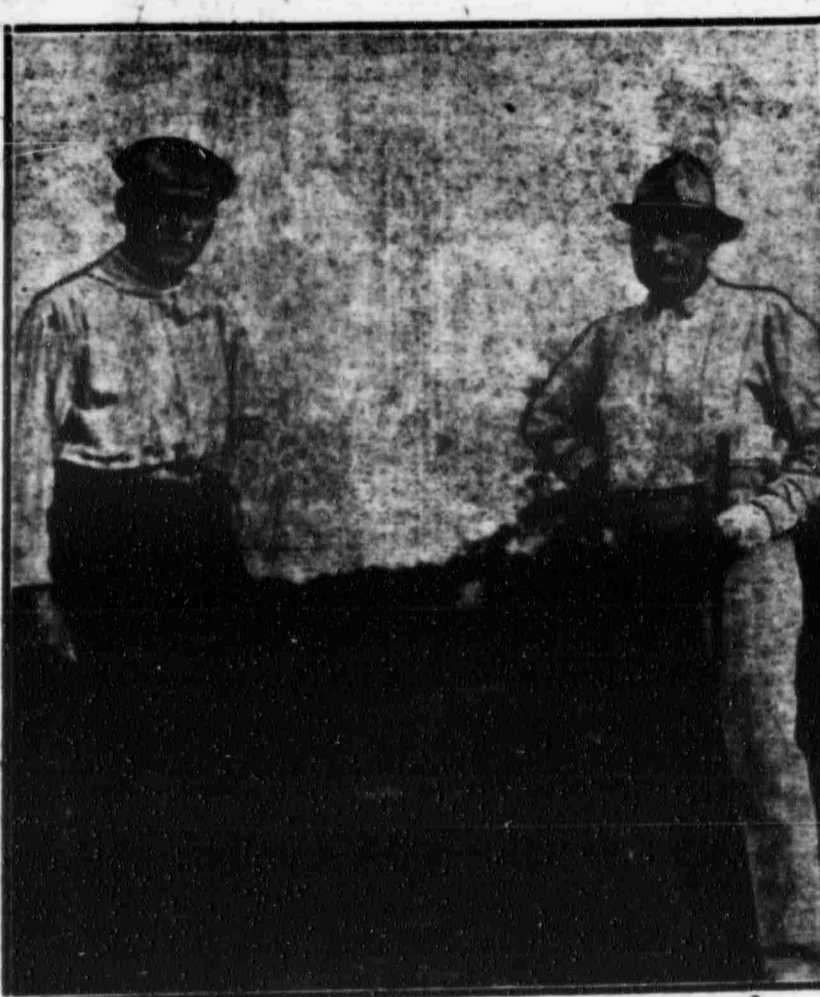
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MRS. E. H. FITLER OF PHILADELPHIA.



EX-JUDGE MORGAN J. O'BRIEN AND JOHN B. McDONALD.

of the lunch party. If otherwise, if the lunch is to be in town, the women folk are called upon to be at the clubhouse with tea prepared at an hour when the proposed match will probably end. There is no doubt that this inclusion of women in the social side of golfing, even women who never play the game, vastly helped to popularize golf in America. Women, at least women who are wives of the

women welcome. Most golf clubhouses have parts set aside for the exclusive use of women, lockers, dressing and bath rooms, as well as giving them joint use of other parts of the house and not to be overlooked the verandas.

So the day's sport starts with a social side to it; the friendly lunch of players often in company with women. Then the game itself.

The American spirit of fun simply will not accept the British tradition of silence and solemnity as a condition of the game; few matches start on our links without some preliminary chaffing, jocular boasting and final dicking about odds or handicapping. Naturally this leads to wagers, small but arranged with great detail and pretence of mutual sacrifices.

A word or two about these wagers may allay the alarm of some who fear for the morality of the game in this regard. It must be admitted that there is some relatively high betting, but more high in terms than in resulting payments. Yankee shrewdness does not admit of a player making a hopeless bargain in a

class of men here referred to, have long voiced their bitter objection to men's club life as it was carried on before America's golfing days. "They were never in it" was as much the spirit of their complaint as any other objection they raised.

But the American golf club house makes



MISS FRANCES TEACHER, SCOTCH VISITOR.

golf bet more than once against the same opponent.

The club handicap list is supposed to determine the strokes one player must give another, but it does not always do so. If A has a handicap of 12 and his proposed opponent B has but 8 the handicap would be under the rules in a match game 2; that is, three-fourths of the difference. But B contends that there is not that much difference in their actual play and over coffee and cigars there is an adjustment.

The former ordinary bet was a ball a hole, which might mean the loss by one player of eighteen balls, but which usually works out a loss of two or three balls by the defeated player. The more com-

mon bet now is what is termed a ball Mason; that is, a ball on the result of the out play, a ball on the in play and a ball on the game. Men with plenty of money to lose of course bet differently; a ball a hole, a ball on birds (one under bogey), on eagles (two under bogey), on crows (two over bogey), and so on. But the ordinary bet works out to small losses and winnings.

So the game starts and goes on with a rattle of talk and laughter, the injunction to silence being observed only when a player has taken a stance and until he has made the shot, and not always then.

However the game may have gone, even if one side has won away, back on the twelfth or fourteenth hole, there is continued interest to the end, because it has become the almost invariable practice for Americans to play the last hole for "something," the cigars, caddy fees, or maybe such stimulants as a middle aged player thinks his doctor would approve of his taking after three hours physical exercise in the open air.

Golf has greatly promoted one British custom if it has ignored others; the custom of afternoon tea has taken strong hold at the golf club houses. Mothers and daughters of many players wait for the men to finish that last hole, watch them finish it, frequently, and then there are many tea parties made up on the verandas, where the game is of course played all over again with much good nature.

On some links, the majority perhaps, in the neighborhood of large cities women do not play on holidays, this by tacit agreement sometimes by local rules in some cases. Just why this should be so is not easy to understand. The apparent reason is that women play more slowly than men and on a crowded course would congest it. But it would take a long search to find a link where on crowded days there were no more than one men's match moving "slowly" than the average women's match moves. And only one slow match is enough to congest a whole course behind the general movement can be no faster than the slowest match.

But women players accept this practical exclusion from the course with good nature; they have many opportunities to play during the week and the clubhouse is open to them even when they are denied the use of the course. They may lunch, tea, dine there on crowded days, play tennis where courts are maintained, make galleries and generally add to the picturesque and sociability of golf.

By the way, when women do play they are a much prettier sight than a male golfer in action; partly because they are naturally more graceful in motion, partly because that awkward twist and creak of knees which accompanies a full golf

stroke, so painfully apparent in men, is mercifully concealed when a woman uses her driver or brassy.

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THE SHRINE OF A PAINTER

A FRENCH BEAUTY SPOT OFF THE TOURIST LINE.

Memorial to Pelouse and Its Forest Setting—The Road to Remote Cernay-la-Ville—A Discovery in the Woods and Breakfast in the Inn Garden.

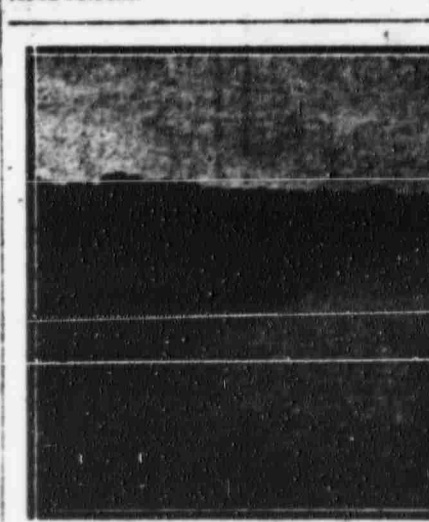
The car window tourist was converted, and when he goes to France next month he is going to wander in the byways all because she told him of the fine breakfast she had at the Maison Leopold, tucked away below Cernay-la-Ville.

Cernay-la-Ville? He had never heard of it, yet he had been all about the neighborhood of Paris to the southwest. Then she told him engagingly how much pleasant it was, instead of going down the most travelled line to Versailles, Rambouillet, Chartres, to vary your excursions and pass along the beautiful valley of the Yvette, even if you could not chug-chug in a touring car but had to take the plebeian route of a suburban railway from the Luxembourg station and supplement it by the old and not unromantic voiture de correspondance, riding outside, and further by Stanis's mare.

"After all," she said, "it isn't only we who are called sometimes the benighted Yankees who come only slowly to an appreciation of some of these corners. The French themselves, except those of the vicinity, seem to have overlooked the beauties of that section until one of those artists pointed them out to them."

"Then, although they erected a monument to him and his fellow artists and students busied themselves for a while, the Yvette fell off and nowadays you can wander about there in the silence among the natural beauties and be pretty sure to escape the tourists and hear nothing but French when you meet with occasional English wanderers. Not even the favorite English presence of 'English spoken'—the good people are tolerant of your French though."

discoverer of the beautiful spot, is the most fittingly located monument I ever saw or heard of. You can't help asking yourself who but Frenchmen would have placed it in its sylvan surroundings, so soft and deep, so rich and silent that you half expect to see the wood nymphs appear among the shadows of the great trees of the background as true guardians of the painter's shrine. You don't even have to ask your way to the monument, yet unless you are a born or intuitive wanderer you will surely miss it in its sheltered retreat.



ON THE PLATEAU OF BOULLAY-LES-TROUX AND CERNAY-LA-VILLE.

"But you don't go to Cernay-la-Ville to see the painter's monument; you happen on it as one of the treats of the day. Even on the train from Paris as it winds about the Yvette valley you have found alluring prospects along the way and then have suddenly been checked upon alighting at Boullay-les-Troux, unless you are a seasoned and tranquil traveller, for you feel there that you have stepped from a train to the place over which eternal silence roams and where no man moves."

moving, no animate thing, only a signpost where the roads fork, and you wonder if you are going to walk to Cernay-la-Ville and hope fervently that that signpost has broken down. You begin to wonder that post as the silent, sentinel of Boullay-les-Troux.

"Silently, save for the crunching of your footstep, you search for that promise of the time table the voiture de correspondance, though there seems to be no place where such a thing could be concealed. But hold, you spy a recess behind the station, you peer around the corner, and there it is!

"You climb to the highest seat for sightseeing purposes and begin there a

Midst of the main, and you feel that a cap would be the thing. In every direction you look for several miles over the flat plateau to the jumping off place, which in one direction seems to be sheer, while in another you see the tops of distant trees of the bordering ravine appearing at the height of bushes of the plateau, like the masts of ships below the horizon at sea.

"Long walks the people must take who till these fields, for you meet scarcely any one on your four mile drive and see few houses; but you are pleased when you meet a cart laden high coming from the harvest fields, a two wheeled cart with two tall and dignified men walking

"Oh, but I did," she said, "and shall again. Why, it was comforting, and at first I was satisfied with just that, to sit at a table in the little bosquet before the inn and sip something good. Then I got up to look around and read the placard over the courtyard: 'Au Rendez-vous des Artistes Peintres' and 'Exposition de Peinture' and my wanderings began after we had taken the precaution to order breakfast."

"Over sanded floors—the sand from the neighboring hills, and as soft and white as the sand of an ocean beach—I wandered through room after room, where artists and students had painted the walls full of pictures of all sorts, and

found myself in a garden. Here were all sorts of things for people to while away the time with, including some immense sea-saw, on one of which a man and woman from Paris were having as much fun as any children could have. There were shady places in this garden too where you could dine. One was an arbor within which was a round table of concrete twelve feet in diameter.

"The paths of the garden were of the soft sea sand of the neighborhood. You felt as you walked as though this valley had been once the bed of the sea and you were down in strange and watery deeps. At the edge of the garden the

broad rear veranda of the inn, not hinted at from the front, was even a pleasant place to eat, and after we had selected a table there I went on again, with my wanderings."

"A footpath of that Coney Island sand outside the garden lured me and I walked till I was all but lost in a confusion of paths and bushes like the undergrowth in woods and then came upon a lake at whose edge in a building looking two centuries old is one of the Government's fish hatcheries. Marking my way to hold my bearings I followed a narrow inviting road to the other side of the lake, where glistering in the full light of the noonday sun against a thick forest background I saw what I at first took for one of the wayside shrines surviving from the ages of faith."

"It was the Pelouse memorial, framed at the sides by two gigantic trees, the trunks about five feet in diameter at the base, and back of it the thick growth of trees running up the hillside, where it seemed the nymphs or gnomes might be. Could a better spot be chosen for a monument to the landscape painter who found the beauty of the valley?"

"Never did I go to luncheon with a better appetite nor in a spirit of more contentment with the world than when I turned back to the inn, to an exquisite light and savory as the stimulating air of the countryside itself, to fresh fish that hadn't had to travel by express, and to the landlady's white wine of the Jura, which not only added to its virtue even when the numerous yellow jackets, drawn by its aroma, no doubt, just flew down and soaked themselves in it the moment you left your glass or your bottle uncovered. They made me think of that old Chinese philosopher and good liver who loved wine so well he wanted to die in his cups; they were equally willing."

"I'm converted, I'm going over next month, and in May I'm going to do a little wandering on the side lines myself. I'll buy pictures of the Eiffel de Ville and the Bourne and save the time for a yellow-jacketed breakfast or something else."

To Tuck In an Eldorado Quilt. From Good Housekeeping. In having an elderdown quilt, recovered a friend of mine ordered an extra half yard of the material to be left as one end. Eldersdown quilts are usually square and not large enough to tuck in, and also the bulky, but the extra length, being only of double thickness of the material, obviated this difficulty.

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